

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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Agricultural Building

Auditorium.

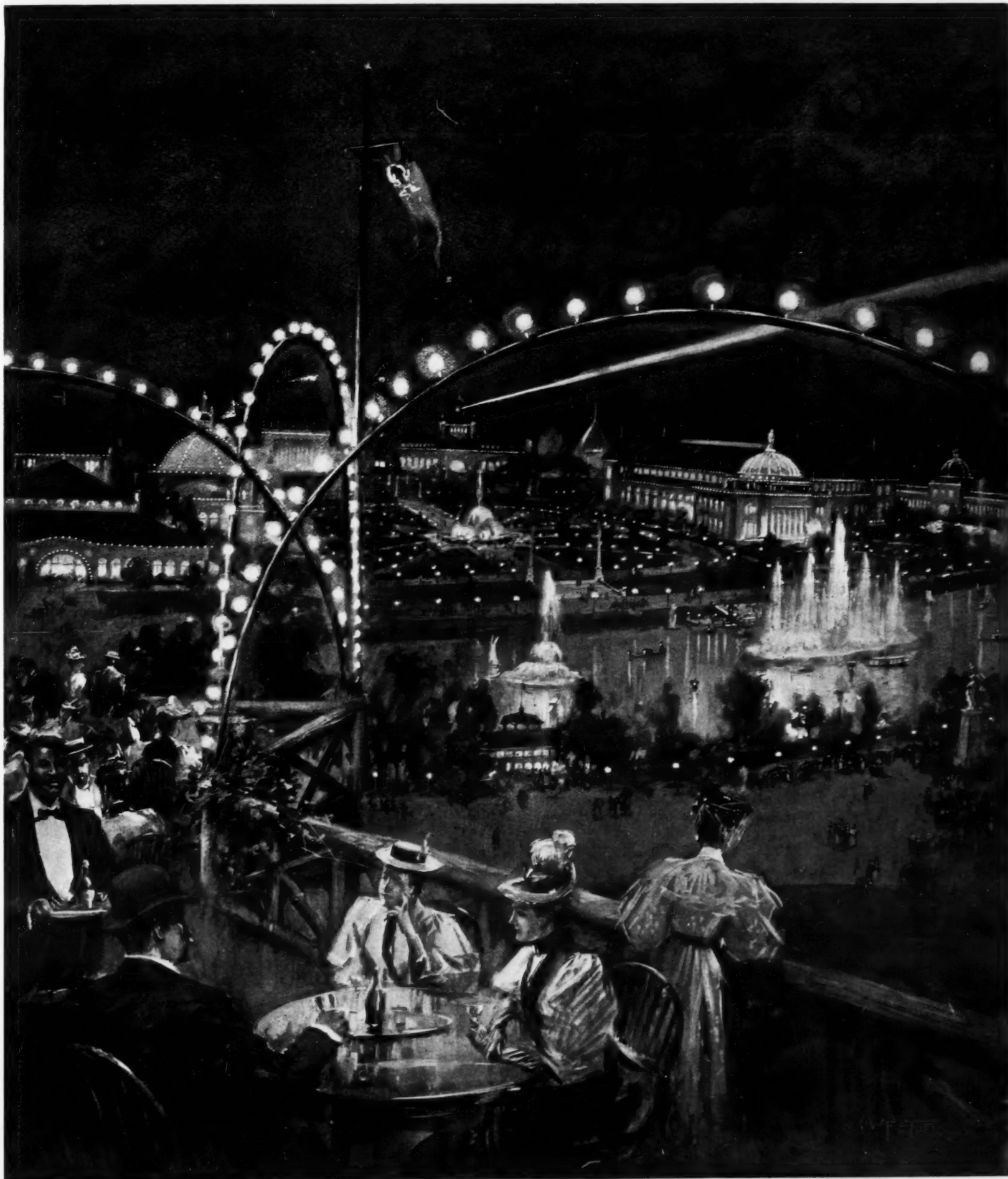
Fine Arts Building.

Government Building.

Plant Railroad System.

Manufactures Building.

Electricity Building.



ATLANTA, TYPIFYING THE NEW SOUTH, INVITES THE WORLD TO HER COTTON STATES AND INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION, OPENED SEPTEMBER 18TH.
BRILLIANT SPECTACLE AS SEEN FROM THE ROOF-GARDEN ON THE FORESTRY BUILDING.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 199.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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SEPTEMBER 26, 1895.

THE widespread interest in the races for the America's Cup is well illustrated by the eagerness with which illustrations of the events have been welcomed in all parts of the country. The special yachting number of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, and the issue in which we depicted the first and second races, both commanded an extraordinary sale. The *News*, of St. Joseph, Missouri, says of these numbers that they led all other publications in point of interest for Western readers, and similar commendations come from many other journals. It is the aim of this paper to portray all events of great importance—to give, in a word, from week to week, a pictorial history of the times. That it leads all its competitors in this purpose is strikingly demonstrated by the fact that the foremost of them did not give a single picture of the initial race for the cup, which challenged the attention of two continents, in the number immediately following the event.

A Good Example.

THE Ohio Republicans have opened their campaign with an enthusiasm and vigor which are prophetic of victory. The party leaders, who were expected by the Democrats to prosecute their rival ambitions at whatever risk to the party, have put aside their disappointments, subordinating their personal interests to the higher considerations of patriotic duty, and in this respect they present an example which might well be copied by the so-called leaders in this and some other States. In New York the effort seems to have been, in Legislative as in other nominations, to strengthen one or another faction, to "get even" with one or another rival, rather than to secure to the public service men of the highest equipment, and the result will be that some districts will be lost which might have been saved, while some of those who are likely to be elected to Legislative and judicial positions will be in no real sense representatives of the best character and highest intelligence of the State. There has been a good deal of talk to the effect that New York is "sure for the Republicans by a big majority," but nothing is more certain than that if such shall prove to be the case the result will be achieved in spite of the leaders, who, in playing the game of "personal politics," seem to have entirely forgotten principles and policies.

We beg to suggest that the Ohio way of conducting a campaign is wiser than that followed here. Present an unbroken front to the Democratic assault; concentrate every element of strength in support of the party cause; if heads are to be broken, let them be those of the opposition; and if there are private grievances to be adjusted, let them be settled outside of party lines. Any Republican, of whatever degree, who pursues any other course, is unworthy of the party confidence.

Do International Yacht-Races Pay?

THE intense public interest manifested in the international yacht-races this year has been a distinct revelation of a great characteristic of the American people. They dearly love a struggle involving the question of national supremacy in any line. No series of events, with the exception of those of vital importance to the welfare of the country itself, has aroused such enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the land. We have been one people in loyalty to the *Defender*. These races have been a vehicle for the display of patriotism to such an extent that we have even surprised ourselves. We have all been jingoes for the time.

It has been estimated that it has cost this country more than one million of dollars to keep the America's cup on this side of the ocean in the last forty years, and the question that arises is, Does it pay? Has there been any practical benefit? Is there any lasting good to us as a people from these struggles? Let us see.

It has been one of the fictions of ship-building that there has been no improvement in fashioning the hulls of sailing vessels, especially since the days of the wonderful Yankee clipper-ships. We could improve the speed of our steam-going vessels, but in sailing craft the good old days of the clipper-ship must always remain supreme. True, most of those ships were built by the rule of thumb; but we have had the satisfaction of seeing, in contest after contest for the possession of this cup, a steady and constant improvement in the scientific development of sailing craft. Science has not yet reached its limit in this respect. The study of the resistance of water to a ship has had wonderful results. Of course no one will pretend that the hull of the *Defender* would be adapted to steam propulsion, but the fact remains that, having shown such improvement in a field where it has been a belief that there could be almost no advance, we

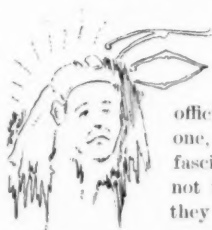
are now ready for a steady and scientific development in the hulls of steam craft.

These achievements, moreover, have a direct bearing on our welfare as a nation. It has been noted with satisfaction that the Herreshoffs have been the lowest bidders for our three new torpedo-boats. Now, the chief requirement of a torpedo-boat is tremendous speed. Astonishing feats in that respect have been achieved in England and in France. The Herreshoffs have submitted their own designs for these new craft of our navy. The direct question for our government officials to decide is whether a firm that could make such an unexpected showing in such an unexpected field as the designing of hulls for sailing craft could not produce torpedo-boats that would also astonish the world. If the Herreshoffs should get this naval contract, and if they should produce satisfactory results, as in all good reason we might expect, shall it not be said that these yacht-races have been worth to us as a nation all that they have cost? Then, too, if we can take the lead in torpedo-boats who can predict the extent of that impulse to American shipping? All other things being equal, does it not seem worth the while that the wonderful designers of the *Defender* should have the opportunity of showing their skill in the matter of steam craft?

All patriotic citizens will undoubtedly agree, also, that these contests have been a paying investment in arousing national pride. In the last few years there has been a tremendous revival of reverence for "Old Glory." Patriotism is the foundation of a nation's security and a nation's prosperity. Every cheer that has gone up in the remotest country hamlet for the *Defender* has been worth hundreds of dollars to us as a people—if such a thing as measuring patriotism in dollars and cents is possible. Sentiment of one kind or another really rules the world. Patriotism, outside of the domain of religious life, is the greatest of all sentiments.

We may rejoice, then, over the great spectacle that these races, with all their misunderstandings and misconceptions, have afforded. We owe as a people steadfast and hearty thanks to those public-spirited men who have given their time and money to the effort to keep the America's cup in this country. *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* salutes the members of the *Defender* syndicate, and the hundreds of other patriotic citizens who would have contributed to the cause had there been occasion for it, and wishes them all long life and continued prosperity.

Terra Australis Incognita.



HE poor, dear nose of the Arctic sphinx is out of joint. The most eminent geographers of the world, recently assembled in London, officially declared that not the northern one, but her southern sister, is the most fascinating thing on earth. They were not inconsiderate of the Arctic sphinx; they alluded with respect to her and to her workers, Nansen and Jackson. They listened, not impatiently, to the daring Andrée's exposition of his plan for sailing in a balloon through her very boudoir—across the Pole from Spitzbergen to Siberia. They heard reverently Admiral A. H. Markham's opinion that Franz Josef Land forms the best route to the North Pole. They applauded the paper on "The Most Northern Esquimaux," read by our able, modest explorer, Mr. Henry G. Bryant. They listened with approval to the argument, in the true American spirit, delivered by General A. W. Greeley, to prove that wooing of the sphinx has paid in cold cash. They admitted that the Arctic regions are enormously interesting. But with one voice they declared that not for a moment are they to be compared in attractiveness with the regions of the south. And so these geographers appointed a committee to lay before civilized governments the expediency of organizing a grand international Antarctic expedition.

What would such an expedition, if it should be dispatched, accomplish? From a commercial standpoint, probably very little. There are seals in the south, to be sure, and their skins, though not valuable as furs, make very good leather. Their oil, too, is worth something. But the sealing industry would not pay for working up. As for the whales, they are numerous—all except the members of the only family that is of value nowadays, the *Balenidae*, whose mouths must be pursued as long as stays are in vogue. Ross thought he saw right whales, each straining the water off from his dinner through the stiffening of ten thousand gowns. But no one since Ross has found an ounce of whalebone in the South, and experts assert that the region is not a habitat of the *Baleena*. Nor is the presence of a guano island sufficiently important to demand the attention of governments. It may be that the mineral resources of the Antarctic regions are worth working. It is perhaps a false analogy between them and those of Greenland which Mr. Benjamin Mills Pierce once urged the United States to buy, but which—except the kryolite mines—have proved nearly valueless. But no specimen has yet come from the far south that warrants investigation of the country by a commercial nation.

The advantages of sending the expedition would be purely scientific. The task of the members would be, not to peer through the thick Antarctic fogs after whales, but to observe the fogs themselves; the temperatures, the

precipitation, the wind velocities, the ocean, its currents and its life; to make charts of the coast and ascertain its geological character; to bore through the ice-cap and observe the depth of ice and the conditions of stratification, etc., at different distances from the surface; and above all things to note phenomena of electricity and magnetism. Doubtless some of the studies of the scientific corps will not be pecuniarily profitable. It is not easy to see how the knowledge that, at latitude 78° 4' S., longitude 175° E., the bottom of the ocean is not globigerina ooze, but blue mud, will help the sale of a Western farm mortgage. But, on the other hand, there is the science of meteorology that is not complete without observations in the south. Any farmer knows how beneficial unerring forecasts of the weather would be. Yet they cannot be made until complete observations shall have been taken in every quarter of the earth—as well as the upper regions of the air. As for the science of magnetism—our descendants, three generations hence, will regard us with amazement for our ignorance of the nature of the magnet upon which we live. Of the conditions in the far south we have no accurate knowledge—only theories. For one thing, we do not even know whether there is but one southern point of great magnetic intensity, or whether there are two. Progress in the science of magnetism, which concerns us so intimately, is suspended until observations shall be taken at several points within the Antarctic Circle for at least a year. This state of affairs alone is sufficient reason for bestirring ourselves to send observers to the south.

Whosoever seeks the Antarctic sphinx must not look for an easy conquest. To be sure, she is not as wily as her northern rival. The Arctic sphinx lures you with plateaus of small altitude, in the midst of which you are lost and starve, and with a low-lying pack, into which you push till she chooses to crush your ship. The Antarctic sphinx, sterner and more honest, opposes you from the very first. When she wishes to check your ship she interposes a wall of ice three hundred feet high above the water and a quarter of a mile deep beneath it. "You might as well try," says Ross, "to sail through the Dover cliffs." Her coasts rise nine thousand, twelve thousand, fifteen thousand feet above the sea-level. In summer the northern one blows the snow away from her seashore and cherishes flowers and bumble-bees. In the south, summer and winter, the land is clad with snow, or bordered with ice to the water's edge. There are, to be sure, black mountains whence the snow has melted, but they are active volcanoes. In the crevices of these mountains hides the only vegetation—a few cryptogamous plants and some lichens. The north endures the presence of a few land animals—even men. In the south no probable trace has been discovered of any land creature except birds.

The observer who passes the winter in Antarctic regions will have to carry with him food and clothing, as well as heat and shelter. He cannot depend on the country for anything except, in case of severe need, the unpleasant flesh of seals and penguins. For every observation he must struggle in temperatures and winds, the direness of which can, as yet, only be inferred. To reach the magnetic pole near Ross's discoveries he must not only make a sledge journey of a hundred and sixty miles inland—a small feat for an explorer—but also climb a snow-covered range of mountains, perhaps as lofty as Mont Blanc.

A Field for American Capital.

WHILE the Japanese are preparing actively for the possible emergency of a war with Russia, and propose to increase their navy and coast defenses practically without regard to cost, they are not by any means neglecting their industrial or commercial interests. On the contrary, they are reaching out actively for the control of the Eastern markets, and seem to be confident of their ability to compete successfully with the older nations. They are now exporting large quantities of manufactured goods to India, and every month shows an increase in the volume of trade. A line of Japanese steamers plies between Yokohama and Bombay, in addition to several lines of English, French, and German vessels that touch at Indian ports, and all are reported to carry heavy cargoes. It is a little surprising that, in view of the success of Japanese manufactures, American capital does not more largely seek investment in her domestic industries. The vice-minister of commerce, in a recent interview with the correspondent of the *Chicago Record*, expressed his amazement at this fact: "Our manufacturing industries pay better than they do in any other country. I don't understand why foreign capitalists do not bring more money here to loan. The average rate of interest on loans in England is two and one-half per cent., and in the United States four per cent., but in Japan the manufacturers and merchants will pay eight per cent. a year for all they can get and give government bonds—bonds of the city of Tokio and other good collateral as security. Why? Because they can realize from twelve to fifteen per cent. in manufacturing enterprises, and often as high as eighteen and twenty." The views here expressed are well worthy of the serious consideration of Americans of means and an enterprising spirit. The same official, when asked as to the forms of enterprise in which Americans should preferably invest, indicated "cotton, woolen, and print factories, machine-shops of all kinds, railway supplies, nails, wire, brass works, ship-building, and particularly construction iron."

THE MYSTERY OF "KID" WADDELL'S MURDER IN PARIS.



ADAM REED WADDELL.

missed by tourists of the male persuasion. It is a place where women with bleached hair and automatic smiles try their siren arts upon unwary travelers; a place frequented in the main by foreigners led thither by curiosity or a desire for revel. Probably more well-dressed criminals from all parts of the world may be seen in a single year at the Café Américain than in any other drinking-place on earth.



"TOM" O'BRIEN AT HIS BEST.

One night, toward the end of last March, a party of Americans was making the night pass hilariously in this strange café. Many bottles were opened, nor was there any caviling at the score. It was plain that the "gentlemen from the States" had money to spend.

In the midst of the festivities a quarrel came, no one understood how or why, but suddenly a small man, rather superior in appearance, sprang up and struck one of the party violently over the head with a wine-bottle. The man thus assailed was much larger than his adversary, and plainly possessed great physical strength; he had a bad face, too, and would have made quick work of the little fellow had he not been restrained. As altercations are of not infrequent occurrence at the Café Américain, no special heed was paid to this affair, which was only called to mind three or four days later by a tragedy at the Northern Railway station which sent a thrill of horror through all Paris.

It was about twenty minutes before noon on the morning of March 27th, and the Gare du Nord presented its usual bustling appearance, with travelers arriving and departing. A party of Americans had just entered the station. Some of them were the ones who had been at the Café Américain, among these being the small man. It is a question whether the large man came with the others or by himself; in any event, he appeared presently, and drawing a revolver from his pocket, deliberately fired six shots into the body of his enemy, who fell to the floor bleeding and unconscious. Instantly a crowd pressed about, and officious *sergents de ville* took the murderer into custody, while the wounded man was placed in a carriage and driven to the St. Louis Hospital.

Although near to death when brought to the hospital, the victim of the shooting regained consciousness sufficiently to state that his name was Adam Reed Waddell, an American citizen, and to

denounce his assassin as the notorious Thomas O'Brien, known all over the United States as the "King of Bunco Steerers," one of the most daring and successful criminals in America. Before his death Waddell summoned to his bedside a young French woman connected with a large dressmaking establishment in Paris, and it was she who soothed his last hours. Questioned about her relations with the dying man, she denied that there had been any special intimacy between them, saying that she had known Waddell during a residence in America, where he had befriended her. Waddell died without giving any clear explanation of the trouble between O'Brien and himself, nor did he indicate what disposition was to be made of a considerable sum of money, amounting to about thirty-five thousand dollars, that was found on his person and among his effects at the Hotel Scribe, where he had been living for weeks in luxurious style. An investigation made by the Paris police was not long in developing the fact that Waddell was also a well-known criminal, known to the police in all American cities as "Kid" Waddell, one of the most successful operators in the "gold-brick game" that this country has produced.

Brought to the Conciergerie prison, O'Brien was subjected to repeated examinations, in all of which he insisted that on the morning of the murder he had met Waddell accidentally at the station, where he had gone to carry an overcoat to a friend of his, one of the other Americans. He declared that there had been no premeditation in the shooting, he having acted under an uncontrollable impulse of hatred, due to the fact that Waddell had owed him a large sum of money which he had refused to pay. He said that they had had frequent quarrels in the past, not only the one at the Café Américain, but a more serious one, which had occurred in America several years before, when they had fought a duel. O'Brien affected to treat the whole affair as of small importance, and tried to make the Paris authorities understand that such quarrels, followed by the shooting of one or the other of the principals, were matters of daily occurrence in the United States.

In accordance with the French method of procedure, O'Brien was confronted with Waddell's dead body, on seeing which he remarked with the utmost indifference: "He tried to have me murdered on three or four occasions, and it became necessary for one of us to disappear."

"But," said the official, "he appears to have been an inoffensive, mild-mannered man."

"I tell you he was a traitor of the worst description," declared O'Brien.

All effort to settle the question of premeditation failed, inasmuch as the rest of the party who had witnessed the shooting had, in the confusion of the tragedy, managed to make their escape on trains leaving Paris. The French police succeeded in

following them to England, locating two of them in Liverpool, and arriving too late to overtake the third, who had sailed for New York, giving Chicago as his destination. Efforts were made to secure the testimony of the two Americans in Liverpool, but these proved unsuccessful, there being good reasons for believing that these men had criminal records themselves, being probably members of a band of daring operators who had been "working" on the continent with O'Brien and Waddell.

While the French authorities were trying to determine the degree of O'Brien's guilt a new character stepped into the drama, in the person of a large, black-eyed woman, rather dashing in dress, who arrived at the Grand Hotel, registering as "Mrs. Huntington from New York," but giving it out that she was the wife of O'Brien. On presenting herself at the prison and demanding an interview with the prisoner, her request was



"TOM" O'BRIEN AT HIS WORST.

refused on the ground that she was unable to furnish satisfactory evidence that she really was O'Brien's wife. Her pleadings, threats, and tears were alike unavailing, and she was obliged to go away.

"Furnish us with papers or proofs showing that you are his wife and we will allow you to see him," said the obdurate officials.

"But those papers are in America," remonstrated the woman. At this the officials merely shrugged their shoulders with polite expressions of regret. The outcome of the matter was that Mrs. Huntington, who certainly showed no lack of energy, promptly left Paris for Havre, where she took the first steamer for New York, declaring her intention to return with her marriage certificate and spare no effort to save O'Brien.

The New York police having been informed of the movements of this mysterious "Mrs. Huntington," were not long in identifying her as the notorious Annie Gray, whose establishment on Forty-sixth Street was formerly of none too savory repute. O'Brien was known to have been an intimate friend of Annie's; indeed, it was at her house that he was believed to have robbed the president of a well-known express company of a thousand dollars. Thus her relations with the murderer were explained and her desire to aid him; for nothing is more certain than that women of her class are capable of a certain strange devotion to the men they have really loved. At present the return of "Mrs. O'Brien" is looked forward to confidently by the Paris police.

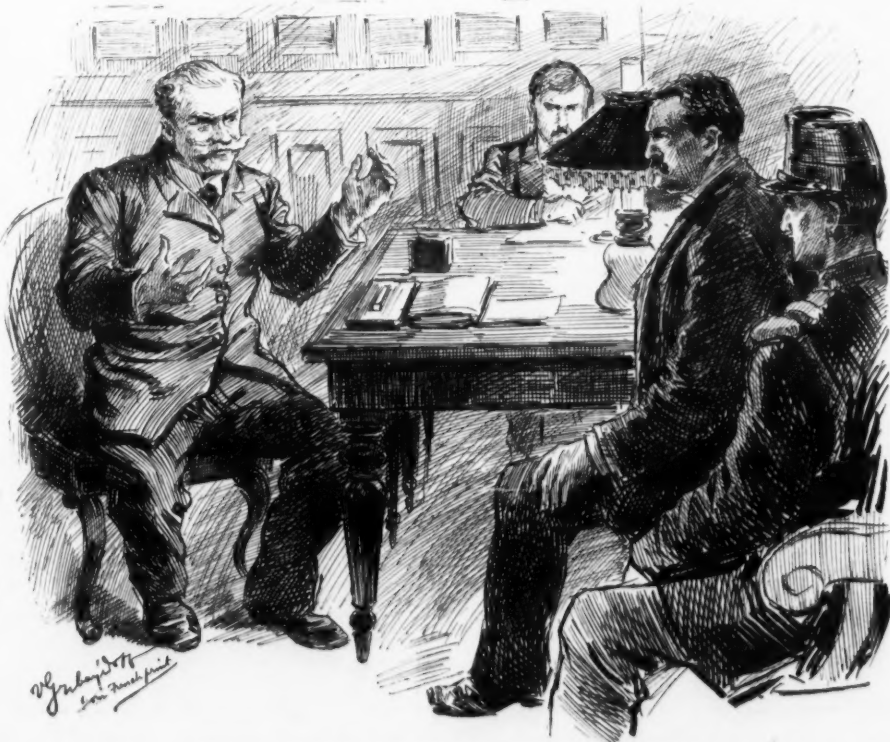
When O'Brien was informed that "Mrs. Huntington" desired to see him, and of her claim to be his wife, he said, coolly:

"Ah, so Mrs. Huntington is in Paris? I want to see her before my trial. Unless you let me see her I won't say a word in my defense. I won't open my mouth."

When told that the prison rules were very strict and that only relatives of prisoners were allowed to see them, O'Brien said:

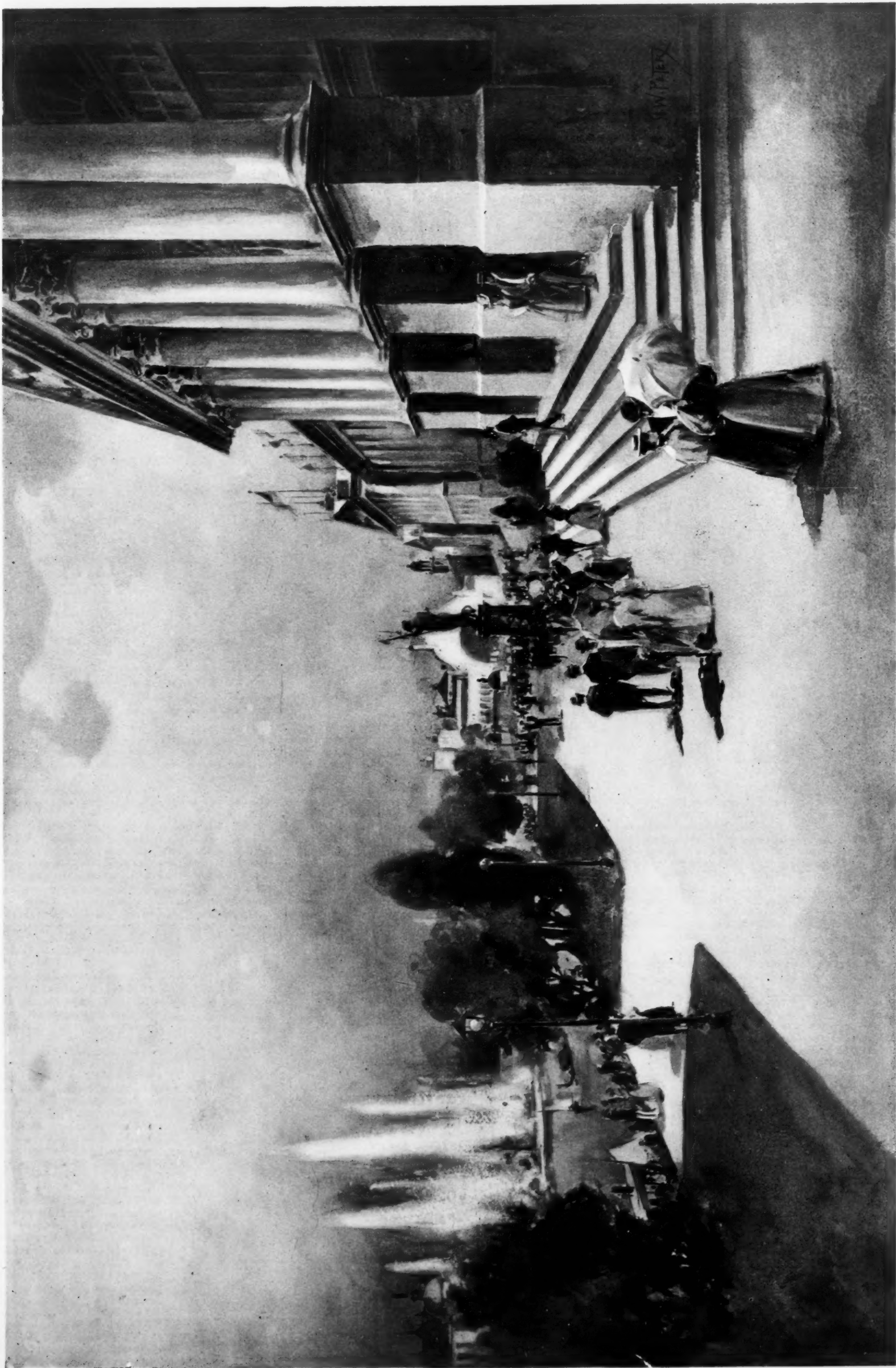
"But I tell you she is my wife. If you send her away you will never get a word out of me."

At this Maitre Demange, the lawyer employed by O'Brien for his defense, asked for sufficient delay in the proceedings to allow of Mrs. Huntington's return, and also to give opportunity to bring back to Paris the three Americans who might, if



O'BRIEN BEFORE THE FRENCH INSTRUCTING MAGISTRATE.

(Continued on page 202.)



THE COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT ATLANTA, OPENED SEPTEMBER 18TH—PERSPECTIVE VIEW SHOWING MACHINERY HALL ON THE RIGHT, AND LOOKING TOWARD THE ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN. — DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS. — [SEE PAGE 190.]



"We are for France, not for the Austrian . . . On, my friends, to Paris!"

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

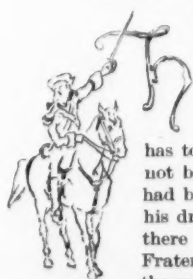
A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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XI.

ON THE TRACK OF THE GALLANT HUSSAR.



ALT!" shouted a hoarse voice as Pierre re-entered the house. He pulled down his apron and pushed the one pistol he had left into his belt.

It was unusual for Pierre to wear an apron, but, as he said, a cellarman who has to look after his wine and his guests must not be too particular; though his man, Jean, had become much more fastidious in regard to his dress and the character of his work since there had been a talk of "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," a mere phrase at present, except to the more ambitious organizers of the revolution that was beginning to spread with devouring force.

The word of command which had arrested Pierre's attention was given to a company of *gendarmerie à cheval* that had dashed up to the inn, the horses wet with foam, the men in

bright new uniforms, the tri-colored cockade in their three-cornered hats.

Under the command of an experienced officer they were accompanied by a commissary of police wearing his official scarf. They had tracked the count to the Lion d'Or. The clew had been given to them at the burnt gate of Montmartre. Moreover, the Deputy Grébauval had named the wayside cabaret as a landmark en route for the château, whither he knew his man would find his way sooner or later. He preferred that de Fournier should be taken by the commissary of police, who through his instrumentality had held a warrant for his arrest, hoping himself to impress Mathilde and the de Louvets with a pretense of his protection.

Grébauval was not only moved in his intrigues against de Fournier by his love for Mathilde, but by that bitter resentment of the bar sinister upon his escutcheon, which, ever since he could appreciate the difference between his position and that of the Count de Fournier and the wrong done to his mother, had in his mind been a constant impulse to some great act of revengeful compensation.

It was hard upon Mathilde that fate should have made her a factor in the cruel ambition of the Deputy Grébauval, emphasized the more by the deputy's genuine and consuming passion for her, and his desire for an honorable and legitimate alliance, as both a means of vengeance and an approach to restitution of rank. There was something incongruous in this desire on the part of a leader of a revolutionary movement for the equal rights of man and the overthrow of aristocratic privileges and distinctions; but the aspirations and conduct of the leaders on all sides were full of incongruities of sentiment and action.

"Henri Lavelle, Count de Fournier," said the captain, "has he been here?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Capitaine," Pierre replied.

"It is punishable with death to give succor to traitors," said the commissary.

"He's no traitor, please your excellency," said Pierre.

"Don't address me as excellency," answered the commissary.

"Thank you, I will not, Monsieur Préfet."

"Nor préfet either, citizen."

"Monsieur le juge, perhaps?"

"Nor judge either, citizen knave," said the commissary.

"Very well, monsieur," said Pierre. "I was only going to observe that Monsieur le Comte wore the uniform of the new hussars, and was en route to join the national troops on the frontier."

"Oh, that was his allegation, eh?" said the commissary, making a memorandum in his note-book.

"Everybody hereabouts knows that, monsieur," said Pierre.

"But everybody does not know that he disgraced his uniform by a murderous resistance of the people this morning in the grounds of the Carrousel," replied the commissary. "Enough, Citizen Pierre; where is this model hussar in his new uniform?"

"May it please your excellency," said Pierre, "his uniform was not new when he came here."

"Peace, knave; where is the man, Henri Lavelle?"

"Messieurs, the traitor has fled," said Jacques, bustling out into the road, the rest of his companions sufficiently subdued to content themselves by looking on from the window.

"Fled! Whither?"

"Pierre knows," said Jacques. "Pierre protected him. Pierre threatened us with his pistols; he has them beneath his apron."

"And he'll blow your head off with them," said Pierre, turning upon the vociferating gobe-mouche, "for a liar and a coward!"

"Will he? Oh, messieurs, protect an unarmed citizen! He forced me to shout 'Vive le Roi!'"

"Then he's a fool for his pains—a bigger fool than Deputy Grébaud thinks him; there is no longer a king in France."

"Vive la nation!" shouted Pierre, backing toward the door, as the commanding officer slid from his horse and handed the reins to his orderly.

"Out of the way," he said, pushing Jacques aside. "What is this, Pierre? Explain to Monsieur le Commissaire."

"Pardon, monsieur; are you the commander of gendarmerie? Then I have a message for you from Monsieur le Deputy Grébaud. He bailed his troop here, and has ridden on to the Château de Louvet. Monsieur le Deputy is well known to me, and trusts me for an honest patriot," said Pierre, with, for him, an unusual multiplication of words, intended to delay the pursuit of de Fournier as much as possible.

"Well, that is not unknown to the commissary," said the officer, "otherwise you would have been under arrest by this time."

"Indeed, Monsieur le Capitaine! and for what offense, may a humble citizen ask?"

"The offense of contumacy," said the commissary.

"Never heard of the crime before; what in particular may it be?" asked Pierre.

"Silence, knave!" said the commander, seizing Pierre by the collar. "Listen, and answer straight. You say you have a message for me; what is it?"

"It was the wish of Monsieur le Deputy that you should waste no time at the Lion d'Or, but proceed to the château, where he would await you."

"And this Fournier?"

"It is true he halted here, and took refreshment. I had no warrant to stay him. He is a friend of my illustrious neighbor, the Duke de Louvet."

"Patriots have no longer friends among aristocrats, and aristocrats are not illustrious," said the captain.

"But there are well-known and distinguished patriots among the guests of her graciousness the duchess."

"Her graciousness!" said the officer, with a sneer.

"I said so," observed Pierre, with well-affected simplicity.

"Citoyenne would better become the lips of a patriot than duchess or excellency or graciousness; and such change will soon be made compulsory by law."

"I thank you for the information," said Pierre, still gravely unsophisticated in his manner.

"You live very much outside the barriers," said the officer, with a superior smile.

"That is so, indeed," replied Pierre. "I seldom go to Paris; I am a home bird."

"Perhaps you don't know that the people have razed the Bastille to the earth?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur, I had heard of that; also of the death of Louis the Fifteenth," said Pierre with an affected simplicity of manner that did not disguise the cynicism of his quiet banter.

"And now," said the commissary, pushing his horse forward, "what of this Count de Fournier, so-called? Where is he? Be on your guard. The law has a strong arm."

"I bow to your excellency," said Pierre.

"You will bow to the axe or the gallows, all in good time, I make no doubt," said the commissary. "In the meantime, bow to their

representative's demand—where is this aristocratic friend of yours?"

"The Count de Fournier?" said Pierre, with stolid face and manner.

"The same."

"Oh, he also went to the château."

"When?"

"Almost this instant."

"How, sir?"

"Why, on horseback."

"Who provided the horse?"

"He took one from my stables."

"Did he so?" said the commissary.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Why did you not say so before?"

"I have been trying to tell you all the time," said Pierre; "but both your excellencies have had so much to say, thanks to your great politeness."

"You're a fool," said the commander of the gendarmerie, remounting his horse.

"Then your count left as we came up?" said the commissary, reining his horse in by the side of the commander.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Your word on it, as a true citizen," said the officer.

"My solemn word," said Pierre, "truly given."

"We take your word," said the commissary, not willing that the soldier should seem too important in presence of the man of law, "and if you lie to us we'll take your life; be assured of that."

"Thank you," said Pierre. "May I have the honor to offer your excellencies a little refreshment?"

"Let us on," said the commissary to the commander of the gendarmerie.

"Attention! Right wheel! Forward!" shouted the officer, and away the company rattled along the white road, disappearing in a cloud of dust that the recent brief shower had been insufficient to lay, though it had freshened the trees and left the sky the clearer for the downfall.

The afternoon was beginning to change into evening. While the sun was declining, a faint crescent in the east gave Pierre his first glance of the new moon, whereupon he turned over a few coins he had in his pocket, and at the same time turned his pistol also. "For luck," he said to himself; "and we shall all want a lot of it to contend against those beasts!"

"Here's a devil of a go!" said Jean, the man-of-all-work at the Lion d'Or. "Master Grappin, you're wanted."

"No, Master Grappin, you are not," said the gaunt wife of his bosom, nicknamed Madame Angélique, stalking from the house with a blood-red flag in her left hand and a drawn sword in the other. "We don't want you; we are for France, not for the Austrians; we are the children of the people, not the slaves of tyrants. On, my friends, to Paris!"

She had turned from addressing Pierre to the motley company who had been spouting and drinking in the common room of the Lion d'Or—Jacques sporting a cockade of abnormal proportions, the others similarly decorated by Madame Angélique, who had, during the previous half-hour, been calmly occupying herself with preparations to leave the inn and give her resplendent voice and bony arm to the service of the patriots in Paris.

"Children of France, indeed!" said Pierre. "France ought to be very proud of you, eh, Jean?"

"France has a good deal to answer for," said Jean, laughing while he stepped aside from the threatening knife of Jacques Renaud, who, having flourished his blade, thrust it into his belt and shouted "Vive Madame Grappin!" which Neroe supplemented with "Vive Madame Angélique!"

"À bas les tyrans!" said Neroe, calmly.

"Forward!" shouted Madame Angélique, flourishing her red flag and placing herself at the head of the dozen curiously-assorted toppers and travelers, the Parisian holding himself partly aloof and watching Pierre with an amused expression. "Forward! Vive le peuple!"

Pierre looked on scornfully, but not without regret; for, though he and his wife had rarely been on friendly terms, he did not forget that she was his wife, and as he looked upon her, with her flashing eyes and wrinkled cheeks, his mind recurred to the day when he walked with her to church and she was tall and willowy, with a fresh, smooth face and red, sweet lips.

"Ah, what a changing business this world is!" he remarked to Jean, as the little stream of life, with its red token tossing on the tiny waves, swept on to join other streams that were pouring into Paris to overwhelm her in a mighty flood. "I remember that woman, Jean, when she was fair to look upon."

"No!" exclaimed Jean.

"And sang in the convent of St. Ursula."

"You don't say so, Monsieur Grappin?"

"And had long, fair hair," went on Pierre, his eyes following the line of the road where she and her companions were raising the dust.

"Eyes that were soft and manners that were even gentle, my friend."

"You don't say so, Monsieur Pierre?"

"Yes, I do say so; and, by all the saints! I was proud of her. Why, when I courted her I was the favorite of twenty swains, and by Saint Ursula, I swear to you, Jean, I would have eaten every son of them if they had chosen to fight for her!"

"They'd been a tough mouthful," said Jean.

"She's been a tougher of late years, Jean."

"And none knows that better than I do, Master Pierre," Jean replied. "And on the contrary, such is fate, I had the best woman that ever lived for a wife and she be dead, and your'n lives to shame you."

"That's so, Jean, that's so; and yet I can't help thinking of mine when she was young and handsome, and sung in the convent of St. Ursula."

"Keep to that thought, Master Grappin, and forget the rest."

"And now," said Pierre, thrusting his hands into his pockets and not heeding the sympathetic and wise advice of Jean, "she is going to sing in a choir of devils."

"They are singing now, the lot of 'em," said Jean. "It's the Carmagnole."

As madame and her comrades turned the bend of the road and disappeared, harsh vocal strains, the song of the Revolution, floated lazily on the calm air.

"Ah, well," said Pierre, turning away, but still apostrophizing his gasconading partner, "you were never a wife to me—always a wrangling termagant, though so promising of happy days when I courted you, and so disappointing after the feast was over. Only a discontented, ill-tempered scold; that's all you ever was or will be, from the time I brought you home and gave you my keys. And so, farewell, and the devil take your damnable escort!"

XII.

MORE ARRIVALS AT THE LION D'OR.

"By all means," said a new-comer, who had arrived on the scene unobserved by either Pierre or his man Jean, so intent had they been on the army of Angélique; "they are assuredly a scurvy lot."

"Ah, Monsieur Bertin," said Pierre, "welcome a thousand times. Where is your horse, monsieur?"

"Gaston was to meet me here with Monsieur de la Galetierre and Delaunay's two sons. We and a few others are en route for St. Germain. I have walked across the fields from the Château de Louvet; called there to pay my respects and apologize for my absence from the ceremonial. Something wrong there, Pierre; had no time to make inquiries; bound by my rendezvous here. Our business at St. Germain is what may be called a state affair."

"Jean," said Pierre, "go and clear the tables of the empty glasses and open the windows wide to get the horrid flavor of Jacques Renaud out of the house."

Jean had shown too keen an interest in Monsieur Bertin's conversation, and Pierre had begun to come under the influence that later on filled the prisons with suspects and fed the guillotine with innocent blood.

"You have had a rough company here," said Monsieur Bertin.

"My wife has joined them, and they have just started for Paris," Pierre replied.

"Was that indeed your wife? I caught sight of a woman as I skirted the back of the house. And was that Madame Grappin?"

"It was, indeed!" said Pierre.

"I sympathize with you," Monsieur Bertin replied. "Who would have thought the wife of honest Pierre Grappin would have come to that? Why, Pierre, my friend, I remember when you were married."

"Yes; I was only just now thinking of that very day myself," said Pierre.

"We have fallen on evil times, Pierre."

"The world's upside down," said Pierre.

"And which side are you on?" asked Monsieur Bertin.

"My wife is singing the Carmagnole and banding with ruffians. I had an idea I was on their side."

"Well, it looks as if they were going to be uppermost—for a time at least."

"I thought we'd had enough of kings and taxes and dear bread and no trade," said Pierre, "and I belong to the people."

"So do I, Pierre; so do I," said Monsieur Bertin; "not to be butchered, however, because I don't wear sabots and pick my teeth with my knife, Pierre."

"Patriotism is exacting, I allow, Monsieur Bertin, and I'm for moderation; my voice goes for what it is worth with the Girondists. But I don't want to murder my friend because he is not of my opinion; and the dear old Father Languedoc advised me that gratitude is a virtue that counts scores of good marks in the books of St. Peter."

"And he was right, Pierre; which brings us

to the de Louvets. I know that on both sides of Virtue's ledger you have an account, debtor and creditor."

"I would lay my life down for any one of them," said Pierre, with an enthusiasm that heightened his already glowing face.

"And I know that the duke would make a sacrifice for you, Pierre. He is a punctilious gentleman, proud of his order, but he has a big heart, Pierre, and is a true Frenchman."

"None better, Monsieur Bertin; none better," said Pierre.

"Very well, then, what is the matter at the Château Louvet?"

"Everything is the matter," said Pierre.

"You confirm my fears."

"It is possible that the saints have brought you here at this time. How many friends are with you?"

"There will be eight of us, Pierre."

"And I and Jean will make ten," said Pierre.

"I was going to remark that it might be that the good Lord had sent you to the aid of our noble count and the dear good people at the château."

At this moment there rode up to the inn the other friends of Monsieur Bertin.

"And Gaston will make eleven," said Pierre to himself.

They were all well mounted. Gaston was leading his master's horse. M. de la Galetierre and two others were in military uniforms. They all wore swords. Several of them carried pistols. Having regard to the possibility of their mission to St. Germain being not altogether free from danger, they were indeed well armed, a fact which Pierre noticed with much satisfaction.

"No, Pierre," said Monsieur Bertin, "we will not dismount."

"Jean," called out Pierre, "wine for Monsieur Bertin and his honored friends."

Jean bustled into the house, and presently came forth with bottles and glasses.

"Just a stirrup-cup, gentlemen," said Monsieur Bertin; "we have no time for more."

"But I fear it is a terrible business at the château," said Pierre. "And you have not heard of the awful disasters in Paris?"

They had heard sad and strange rumors, but nothing in the way of detail.

"The Tuileries taken by the mob; the king a prisoner, the queen and the dauphin, too; Monsieur le Comte de Fournier wounded and a fugitive—hunted, messieurs, at this moment; perhaps arrested, even at the espousal of the Duc de Louvet's daughter," said Pierre, rattling on at a great rate, while the horsemen drew closer together to listen.

"Go on, Pierre; go on," said Monsieur de la Galetierre.

"The Deputy Grébaud aspired to the hand of Mademoiselle Mathilde; he has ridden on to the château with a captain of the National Guard, and if Monsieur le Comte has not taken refuge en route he is at the château. A company of gendarmerie and a commissary of police have come forward to arrest him, and—who knows?—to take the entire family, perhaps. And—"

"How many of the gendarmerie?" asked the fiery young son of Monsieur Delaunay.

"Some dozen," said Pierre.

Before the young fellow could give utterance to the impulsive words that were on his lips three Swiss soldiers started into the road from a dip by the way that had hitherto hidden them. Seeing the horsemen at the Lion d'Or, they paused with looks of fear and surprise, but the next moment made a dash for the wood on the other side of the road.

"Arrêtez, messieurs!" shouted Pierre. "We are friends. Vive les Suisses!"

Only one of the men understood French. He stopped, while his companions rushed into the road.

"Vive les Suisses!" again shouted Pierre, running toward the one who had halted. "Call your comrades back; we are for the king."

The soldier shouted to his friends, who presently reappeared, and the three approached Monsieur Bertin and his friends.

"Where are you going?" asked Monsieur Bertin.

"If possible to Courbevoie," said the spokesman of the three.

"And why in fear?—and bleeding, too, I see?"

"Has not monsieur heard? Paris is in flames. It is a massacre."

"Nay; not so, is it? Only the Tuileries?" said Monsieur de la Galetierre.

"His Majesty withdrew from us. To lay down our arms, they said. It was to give us up to death. We know not why. Oh, messieurs, our comrades are cut to pieces, their bodies are given over to mutilation and insult, and to—"

Noticing that the man was faint and weak, Monsieur Bertin said:

"Well, my man, anyhow you are safe. Pierre, my good fellow, take them in, and let them wash and eat and rest."

"Jean, see to our guests, the brave Swiss," said Pierre, and Jean led the way, the soldiers pathetically smiling their thanks, even the spokesman being too much overcome to express his gratitude.

"Gentlemen," said Pierre, addressing Monsieur Bertin and the rest, but more particularly keeping his eye upon the younger son of Monsieur Delauny, "surely it is well you rest here a while."

"Yes, I think so," said the young fellow.

"There is a moon; it is very young, but the night is clear. It is not so dark that you will need torches, and you will desire to learn from these Swiss soldiers what has really been going on in Paris."

"We know enough, Pierre, and we have business which is made the more pressing by what has transpired there."

"Moreover, messieurs," said Pierre, looking first at young Delauny and then at Monsieur de la Galetierre, "it may be the duty of the royalist friends of France to lend a hand to the brave and unfortunate Count de Fournier."

"That's true," said young Delauny.

"These are wicked times; who knows how soon yourselves, messieurs, may want a friend?"

"Well said, honest friend," answered Monsieur de la Galetierre.

"Pierre has a diplomatic and a persuasive tongue," remarked Monsieur Bertin.

"But it seems to me he is right," said young Delauny. "If the noblesse do not stand together, what is going to become of them?"

"Our father's last words when we left Dijon," said the other Delauny.

"Can you send a messenger to St. Germain?" asked Monsieur Bertin, "to explain the delay in our possible arrival there?"

"I will ride ahead, if it please you," said Gaston, the faithful retainer of the Bertin family.

"Very well," said Monsieur Bertin, "if it is your wish, gentlemen, that we rest here a while, Gaston shall go before us to St. Germain."

"We are of one mind," said the elder Delauny. "What say you, gentlemen?"

"Yes, yes," was the general answer.

"Then let us put up our horses; and, Pierre, you shall make us acquainted with the Lion d'Or's best vintage."

"With pleasure, Monsieur Bertin," said Pierre, a daring scheme of intervention between a certain company of gendarmes and a probable prisoner developing in his ingenious mind.

Each gentleman, as he dismounted, led his horse to the stables, Jean assisting; but it was deemed advisable that one of the company should stand sentinel in the yard. The duty was intrusted to young Delauny, who volunteered at once. He paced the yard in front of the stable door with a soldierly air, rattling his spurs and clanking his sword, the sous-lieutenant of a regiment of dragoons newly recruited.

"It's one thing to arrest a man, another thing to land him," said Pierre, as he filled a basket of his best red wine. "And there's a deal of valor in good wine, when it is backed by true friendship; and not a brave heart of them that does not love the open-handed young Henri, Count de Fournier."

(To be continued.)

The Atlanta Exposition.

WHAT do you think of the Cotton States and International Exposition up to date? "I was asked a level-headed professor of national renown as he stood in the door of the Government building, looking out on the landscape.

"Think of it?" he answered. "Why, really, I've so many vivid impressions concerning it that I scarcely know how to get at them. The first thing I think of is that I have never seen at any of the other expositions of this country just the same manifestation of personal interest and enthusiasm as I find here. In Chicago, for instance, the people were insolent to you; I tell you it's a contrast to the South in that way. Then, in New Orleans they were good-natured enough, but nobody seemed to manifest a spirit of pride in the occasion. Here the very air is filled with enthusiasm and good will. Every Atlanta man seems to feel that the exposition is his very own—a sort of personal property that he is letting out to visitors to have a good time with."

The official went on to speak of the buildings, and said that, although they were smaller and less beautiful in appearance than those in Chicago, they were on a far more practical basis—were better lighted, better ventilated, and better suited to their various purposes. "As for the Government building itself," he said, "it will contain the finest and most complete exhibit ever sent from Washington."

This is just the impression of an individual, but all visitors say the same thing. The best vantage ground for a view of the buildings in the day-time is from the portico of the Piedmont Club, near the north gate. There one has a clear vision of the plaza view, the lakes and fountains, and the gray-green buildings forming

about them jade-colored lines. To the left, upon the hill and on a level with the club, stands the New York building, a substantial brown-stone structure resembling a private residence; the Art Gallery, white and stately in its Grecian beauty; and the Government building, a dignified example of Romanesque architecture. In front of the club, in a pretty grove, is the Pennsylvania building, beneath whose broad veranda, under a canopy of stars and stripes, and guarded by a military escort, rests Liberty Bell, most revered emblem of American freedom. Just beyond is the Georgia State building, and next to this the large auditorium. Continuing southward, the Agricultural building, of rather massive design, presents itself to the view.

In many respects the Southern feeling is better brought out in the Mining and Forestry building than any other. This is separated from the Agricultural Hall by an inlet of the pretty little lake. A cluster of small foreign structures fills in the space between the Forestry building and Machinery Hall, wherein the main exhibits are of machinery especially adapted to Southern use.

An odd pyramid, gleaming white in the Southern sun, catches the eye as one looks again toward the Government building. This is Florida's exhibit of her phosphate wealth, and near it stands Longfellow's home, the Massachusetts building. The Yankee has brought to the South all his idealism in thus representing his sweetest singer, while the son of the poetical tropics confronts us with his commercial side. The Manufactures and Liberal Arts, the Electricity and Transportation buildings skirt the grounds on the northeastern side. Beyond these are the Japanese village, and, completing the chain, the Negro building, which is one of its most important links, for here is presented the practical evidence of the progress made in the thirty years since the shackles fell from the arms of the slave.

Right down in the centre of the grounds stands the Woman's building, a serene and gracious presence, shining forth amid its surroundings like a pearl set in jade.

A few finishing touches have yet to be given the grounds. A Venus and a Liberty or so are still lying on the hillside in imminent danger of sliding down head foremost. Nobody heeds their helpless condition, however. The crowds are bent on sight-seeing and having all the fun that exposition flesh is heir to.

You will find them everywhere in the daytime, but in the evening the prosperous pleasure-seeking folks gather chiefly on the roof-garden of the Forestry and Mining building. From there a brilliant view is to be obtained of the grounds and the Government building, from whose summit the great white search-light is thrown. Leaning over the balcony of the garden, one catches cool glimpses of rippling water and of the lace-like, opaline brilliancy of the electric fountain. The roof-garden population is of itself well worth studying. The strangers from afar off have not come in yet, so it is peopled chiefly by little clusters of Southern folks.

The search-light seeks out the just and the unjust with benign impartiality. It falls upon the statuesque Woman's building, which stands in the gay plaza, like Trilby in the Quartier Latin, and then it finds its way into the wicked Chinese village, where all the sorts of sins abide; again it crosses the grounds to seek out the sombre, mysterious eyes of an Arab watching the Japanese junk-boats drifting on Clara Mere, a pretty lake which is the centre about which the topographic picture has been built. The Japanese village fronts upon it. If you want to get the local life of the entire place, leave the roof-garden and come right down here and stand among the people. Hear the discordant strains from the Chinese theatre and the twing-twang-tang-tang-tang-a-tang of that everlasting *dance du ventre* tune. Through it all a nearer melody arises in a jig-like measure from the lips of a negro laborer. This is the song he sings:

"My sweetheart, she got a big mouf,
A corner in de east an' a corner in de souf;
Hit open so wide an' hit stretch so far,
Run all around in a railroad kyar.

Refrain.

"Oh, dey's no use er talking 'bout de nigga won't go
Where de cornstalk blossom an' de sugar-cane grow;
Come along juba, dance polka juba,
Way down souf where de cotton grow."

An educated, well-dressed, beaver-hatted negro man pauses in his promenade to frown disapprovingly on this musical expression of real African sentiments, and a Turk lifts his head and smiles at the stars as though they were all silver dollars.

There is a low, vibrant tune springing from the Japanese village, like a wind-stirred flower from a bamboo jar. Come right with me and see the reason of it. Follow the high wall of plank and reeds until you reach the gate-way. Isn't it pretty in there? And how sweet and

clean it smells—the fragrance of sandal-wood and incense. The gheisha girls are dancing on the stage to the left, and the little tea-house has a cluster of pretty creatures gayly decked, as non-human looking as a bevy of alabaster dolls. But they have graceful movements, these little dolls, and such dear hands and small svelte bodies. The country cracker and his tired wife, who have wandered in there with their two babies and their little yellow dog, look utterly lost. The father is rather pleased; the mother looks down at her own poor garments and begins to think the place is wicked. She knows the girls are at least; but the children and the little yellow dog are charmed.

The grown folks, however, will see all sorts of interesting things at the Government building in the morning—real object-lessons to their ignorant eyes, if they can only find them; for in this building are shown by actual illustration all the diseases that fruits, vegetables, animals, and domestic fowls are heir to, and by each illustration is a printed slip telling of the remedy for such evils. What a great education this will be to the farmers cannot be calculated.

The people who come here from other sections to find the old South of song and fiction may be disappointed. There are Southern types, and the negro, of course, is here, but the old South of romance and inertia is dead, and in its place there has sprung a condition far different. The people are reaching out to obtain every advantage in science, art, literature, and agriculture that this country can afford them. This is the truth about the big fair. Many writers might entertain the Northern public by putting in a lot of false stuff about ungrammatical Georgia colonels, and silly, shabby Southern people, the remnants of a once prosperous and aristocratic class, but it would not be the truth. The Southern people will always be distinctive, but their present distinctiveness is not the same as in the olden time. The conditions are so very different.

The Southerner of to-day is a full-fledged American. The exposition is a great thing for the South and for Atlanta. It is a monument to the city's energy and generosity. It is a private enterprise. The money in it is home money, and the splendid home management insures a profitable outcome. Its projectors and the Southern people they represent stand before the world honest, broad-minded, ambitious, and original. They want the friendship and interest and understanding of all other sections, and with all their present advantages and future possibilities, their country is fated in the near future to a wealth and independence which will far exceed all the vaunted glory of olden days.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

Romantic Bits in Western Massachusetts.

LITTLE Massachusetts has many treasures, historic, intellectual, social, and religious, of which she is pardonably proud. She has furnished men for the Ship of State; men who have honored the poet's corner and the painter's brush; men of towering intellect and facile pen, and women to match them—as all the world knows.

But the small yet mighty State has much to say for the handiwork of nature in her hills and valleys—much that has never been said since Hawthorne's day, and is almost new to the world that now lives to travel and gladden its eyes with the beauties of mountain and valley, lake and ocean.

Eastern Massachusetts rises gently from the sea and rolls inland by slow undulations, only to break forth with gladness and triumph, near the State's western border, in a revel of picturesque heights, broad valleys, and richly wooded glens. Scattering fragments of the long Green Mountain chain, we call these heights, yet the western Massachusetts mountains appear to possess characteristics of their own, and suggest that the Green Mountain chain is but the outcome of their incipient boldness, and they the parent stock rather than the offspring.

Of the Berkshires all the world knows—at least all the fashionable world; but in that narrow strip of land lying just to the eastward of Berkshire County, and divided, like old Palestine, into three sections, we have a chaos of picturesque mountain scenery, diversified with rivers and valleys, rocks and springs, which heartily delight all who love Nature well enough to seek and study her handiwork. The three counties, Franklin to the north, with Hampshire and Hampden just south, form a perfect paradise for the lover of carriage drives.

A large proportion of the mountain-peaks and hill-tops beyond the Berkshires have never been named by the white man, and many whose height entitles them to be called mountains modestly veil their honors under the unambitious name of hills—as, for example, "Put's Hill" in Franklin, which is one thousand six hundred and fifty feet in height. Tom

and Holyoke, in Hampshire, twin peaks, eloquently guard the Connecticut, and each bears a pleasant summer hotel on its summit, as does "Sugarloaf," not far away to the north. Tom is ascended by a winding, precipitous carriage-drive, from the foot of the mountain; while at Holyoke, leaving the mountain wagon at the Half-way House, one is conveyed by a steam cable-car up an inclined plane so steep and suggestive that the ascent of Mount Washington is tame by comparison. However, no accident has ever occurred on this road, and this assurance upholds the failing courage of many an upward traveler; while from the summit of either Tom or Holyoke a marvelous vision of rural beauty outspread at one's feet is a sufficient reward for a far more hazardous journey. Here the "winding, willow-fringed Connecticut" of which Holland sang, and on whose border nearly all of his life was passed, is seen to turn its picturesque course to form an "ox-bow," and appears to take poetic delight in wandering here and there among the meadows of Northampton, which lie like mosaics, their verdant surface outlined by dark boundary lines.

The great river of Western Massachusetts is the Connecticut; but scores of lesser streams bring to it their burden of pure spring waters gathered from the mountain sides. The Deerfield River, which gives name to that noble, historic old town beloved of artists, has a reputation of its own, and more rocks and pebbles on its bosom than would suffice to pave the streets of a great city. And here it may be said that this section numbers geology among the sciences to which it furnishes object-lessons, and can show you miles of ancient stones on which prehistoric animals and ancient water-courses have left their traces.

The Deerfield invites one up country to a beautiful ride by its banks, past the Falls of Shelburne, accounted by Hawthorne far more beautiful than the Falls of the Rhine; on through East Charlemont and Charlemont village, up the steep sides of Florida Mountain, whose depths have been tunneled within the memory of this generation, to gratify the westward-seeking, commercial, railroad spirit. In the immediate vicinity of the Hoosac Tunnel, nature has displayed a bold hand and tossed youthful mountain peaks up into the air, hewed out romantic gorges, and sent hundreds of pleasant springs gushing from the wealth of rock which forms the generous backbone of these grand ridges. The railroad winds in and out, banked by generous masses of forest foliage, ever keeping close to mountain and river, as in excellent company, and hastening past many a tiny network of houses, where a church-spire and plain school-house and a store indicate human living; through richly wooded gaps where no trace of life is seen, or by the busy townlet with thrifty manufactories drawing their energy from the rushing river.

Of the hundreds of winding, stony brooks, beloved of trout and fish of less noble reputation, it is difficult to write without extravagance. So many and so merry are they; so riotous and so busy; so full of little cataracts, with here and there a deep pool; and so given up to stones of every possible shape, color and size. As the wanderer follows some tiny river to its source he comes upon many a romantic glen where huge, reckless rocks and overarching greenery form a perfect picture for the artist.

And as for trees, the lover of these may choose for his worship the rich sugar maples, which in this section attain an unusual height and uncommon rotundity and depth of foliage, and which furnish abundant supplies of fragrant maple sap for the sugar-house; or, he may select stately elms of no one knows how many years' growth; spreading, happy-go-lucky apple-trees, or the general good fellowship of wayside and forest greenery, which would furnish the botanist problems for a lifetime.

A drive of five miles on almost any country road that one might select in the three counties is a study in stone. The bed of the little brook is so lined with them that no earthy bottom is seen, and the waters are crystal clear. Your steed finds plenty under his feet, and huge banks of rocks, tilted and weather-beaten, and numerous pot-holes away up on the hillsides, prove that the geologic story of a great body of water which once flowed over this region is not a fiction.

Towns and villages hereabouts are, almost of necessity, found in picturesque locations. The early fathers built with one eye on the red brother, and favored lofty outlooks. The pleasant homes of intelligent farmers who read the daily papers and keep up with the world, are scattered among the outposts of these smiling villages, and discover, to the passer-by, the most comfortable evidences of home pleasures and healthy independence; while grouped around the regnant humanity one finds a little community of horses and cows, sheep and poultry dogs and cats, whose lives pass serenely in the favored environment.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.



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ADELE RITCHIE.



ISABEL IRVING.

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AMY BUSBY.
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Twinkle, great and little stars—
Venuses without a Mars!
Such a galaxy together
Shines but in propitious weather.

A GALAXY OF HISTRIONI
SHOWING THE BRIGHTER STARS TO WHOM THEATRICAL ASTRONOMERS WILL
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VIRGINIA HARNED—Copyright, 1895, by B. J. Falk, New York.



EFFIE SHANNON.



LULU GLASER.
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VIOLA ALLEN.



BLANCHE WALSH.



ROSE COGHLAN.



HELEN BERTRAM.
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GEORGIA CAYVAN.



ANNIE O'NEILL.



MARIE WAINWRIGHT.



QUEENIE VASSAR.
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AMY BUSBY.
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MAUD HARRISON.



JULIA ARTHUR.
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EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.



LIZZIE MACNICHOL.

OF HISTRIONIC FAVORITES.

RONOMERS WILL DEVOTE THEIR OBSERVATIONS DURING THE PRESENT SEASON.
GRAPHS BY FALK AND SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 202.]

Stars of tragedy and mirth,
Song and satire—here's no dearth.
If you're up to this prospectus,
May the sober Fates protect us!

THE MYSTERY OF "KID" WADDELL'S MURDER IN PARIS.



THE MYSTERIOUS "MRS. HUNTINGTON."

(Continued from page 195.)

they would, testify in O'Brien's favor. This delay was granted, and there the matter stands for the present, the trial being fixed for some time in October. In Paris the general opinion is that O'Brien will be found guilty of murder without extenuating circumstances, and in that case the famous "King of Bunco Steerers" has an excellent chance of ending his days before the new year, under the bright blade of the Paris guillotine. Should such be the outcome of the trial, O'Brien will be the first American, so far as is known, who has come to his death by the French method of execution; certainly the first who has gone to the guillotine as the chief actor in any *cause célèbre*.

As to the real cause of the quarrel between O'Brien and Waddell, while the Paris police are wasting their time in vague theorizing, the detectives of the New York Police Department have much clearer ideas on the subject. To understand these it is necessary to consider the relations of O'Brien and Waddell and look back rapidly over O'Brien's life, which has been crowded with deeds of daring lawlessness and astounding adventures, such as would rarely be found in the annals of crime. According to Detective-Sergeant Thomas Adams, keeper of the New York Police Department records, Thomas O'Brien was born about forty-two years ago, in Cambridge, Washington County, New York. Almost all his life has been devoted to criminal enterprises, in which he has been wonderfully successful, having operated continually all over America and Europe, and yet in the main having escaped punishment. For many years he has been known, dreaded, and admired as the "bunco king," the great cross-roads worker, the "farmer's friend," probably the most ingenious operator in confidence games, the most plausible applier to human gullibility, ever known in this or any other country. A quarter of a million of dollars is a low estimate of the amount of his winnings from these swindles in the last ten years. Waddell was a frequent confederate of O'Brien's and a sharer of the spoils.

One of O'Brien's favorite tricks was to locate some farmer known to have a comfortable sum of money laid away in the bank and then approach him with plausible manner as a stranger desiring to purchase stock. He would conclude a transaction amounting to a few hundred dollars, making payment on the spot, but leaving the stock with the farmer for a few days until it was convenient for him to take it away. Meantime his associate would come along and, pretending to discover various fine points in the cattle or horses that had been sold, would offer for them a much larger price than O'Brien had paid. The farmer's covetous spirit being aroused in this way, he would ask the second stranger to return at a specified time, and proceed to buy the animals back from O'Brien at an advance of several hundred dollars. Then, of course, having pocketed the difference, the two confederates would promptly disappear in search of another farmer. On each operation of this sort the profits might be four or five hundred dollars, and by repeating the stroke often enough very large sums were realized, with practically no chance of detection.

Another scheme that made powerful appeal to the cupidity of the rural mind was the gold-brick game, which was either invented by "Kid" Waddell, O'Brien's associate, or practiced chiefly by him. This method of swindling, only possible among men like farmers, whose lives are passed away from the great news centres, consisted, first, in gaining the

confidence of a wealthy countryman, and then proposing to him a plan which seemed to offer immense gain; this being to purchase, for half their value, bricks of solid gold which could be easily disposed of at the ruling price at the treasury or elsewhere. There was always a good and sufficient reason given why the actual holders of these gold bricks were unable thus to dispose of their treasure in person and so retain all the profit. Naturally, the farmer chosen to be victimized would insist upon seeing the gold brick he was to purchase, and upon having it assayed by an expert. This necessity was provided for by the swindlers in an ingenious way. The brick, which was made of bronze or some cheap alloy gilded over on the surface, was always made with ten or a dozen holes bored into it to various depths, and these were

actually filled with pure gold. It was easy for clever manipulators as they were to manage it so that the unsuspecting farmer in cutting from the brick the sample to be submitted to the expert should all unwittingly choose one or the other of these holes, the consequence being that the metal dug out by him was really gold of the finest quality, and would be so pronounced by any mineralogist. The concluding stroke in the transaction was to sell the brick for two or three thousand dollars cash to the farmer, who, by simple calculation of weight, saw himself sure to realize a profit of as much more on selling the entire amount of gold. And so he would have been had his supposition been correct that the brick was composed entirely of such metal as the specimens he had had assayed. The police museums of most American cities have in their cases one or



"DOC" MINCHON, O'BRIEN'S PAL IN MANY "JOBS."

more of these bricks, dulled and tarnished with the lapse of time, and showing the empty holes for whose paltry contents some poor innocent had given O'Brien and Waddell his hard-earned thousands.

O'Brien first came to grief in October, 1891, when he was arrested at Albany for swindling a wealthy farmer, Rufus W. Peck, of ten thousand dollars obtained from him in his fake lottery scheme. Having gained Peck's confidence under pretext of purchasing some real estate, he finally brought him to an office hired for the occasion, where a confederate named "Doc" Minchon pretended to be running a Western mortgage association. Peck, seeing himself in a fair way to make an advantageous deal in land, was in high good humor and nothing loath to trying his luck, in an interval of some formality, at a lottery game that the mortgage-agent had there. The game consisted of drawing cards from a box, each card being numbered to correspond with prizes to be paid, some of these amounting to large sums. In a short time Peck had won ten thousand dollars at the lottery, and then the mortgage man pretended to get very angry at his bad luck and declared that the play had not been fair, since if Peck had lost he would have been unable to pay an equal sum of money. Peck, quite carried away by the prospect of this unexpected winning, insisted that he would have been able to pay, and

when challenged to prove his words, went to the bank and drew out ten thousand dollars in cash, the mortgage man having promised in that event to pay over ten thousand dollars, which he also showed. As may be supposed, when Peck returned to the office with his money he was seized by the two men, who now threw off all disguise and obliged him by force to surrender the ten thousand dollars. With this in their possession O'Brien and his confederate made good their escape, as they had done many times before.

But their safety was not for long, O'Brien being arrested and brought back to Albany, where he was released on bail pending his trial. It was never a matter of certainty whether his bondsman on this occasion was only a man of straw or whether he acted in good faith. At any rate O'Brien promptly forfeited his bail and fled to Liverpool, where he was again arrested and, after tedious extradition proceedings, sent back to America. His trial came in April, 1892, when he was sentenced to ten years in the Clinton or Dannemora prison.

But the "bunco king" did not despair yet, and through friends outside, among others a notorious Utica politician named David A. Dishler, organized a plan for regaining his liberty that proved successful. Having been brought to Utica on a writ of habeas corpus, he managed to escape from Bagg's Hotel, where Keeper Buck brought him to pass the night. In spite of hot pursuit, O'Brien succeeded in boarding a sailing-vessel which brought him to France and to a temporary safety. A little later, however, he was arrested in Havre, but by some adroit means, or perhaps by the use of money, he managed to get out of the clutches of the French officers and took ship again to the Argentine Republic, where he disappeared from view for many months. Rumor had it that he made his way to Hayti, where his cleverness secured him the commission of officer in the army. Later he returned to Paris, giving it out that he was a book-maker and showing an abundance of money. He also made frequent business trips between Paris and Brussels. It was at this time that O'Brien renewed his relations with Waddell, who had also, for good and sufficient reasons, gone to Paris with fifty thousand dollars in his possession. Perhaps it was the Moses Welden affair that drove Waddell abroad, for the White Plains victim of his gold-brick scheme was still grumbling in spite of the four-thousand-dollar compromise. A more likely reason for the "Kid's" desire to be abroad was his generally conceded connection with O'Brien's escape at Utica, it being believed that Waddell furnished fifteen thousand dollars to facilitate his comrade's escape. It is certain that Keeper Buck was charged with complicity in the affair and discharged from his post.

This assumption makes it easy to understand one of the reasons which may have led O'Brien and Waddell into a money quarrel. O'Brien having been for months a fugitive from justice and unable to make any bold stroke, must have run short of money and been obliged to draw heavily on his friend, who, finding that there was small chance of his being repaid, and growing weary of O'Brien's continued demands, at last, no doubt, decided to refuse further loans. This would have led inevitably to fierce reproaches on O'Brien's part, for the bunco king was always a man of violent temper and imperious disposition. It is altogether probable that Waddell's refusal to assist him further, and his demands for the return of money already advanced, brought the down-fallen king to such a state of rage that, either with deliberation or acting under an ungovernable impulse, he drew his revolver that morning in the Northern station and shot to his death the man who had befriended him.

Of course it is possible, as the French police are inclined to believe, that the quarrel arose over the division of profits in some recent stroke executed in Paris or on the continent by O'Brien, Waddell, and the three missing members of the band. According to this theory O'Brien's grievance would have lain in the fact that Waddell cheated him out of his proper share of the spoils. The Paris detectives have gathered evidence showing that of recent months O'Brien and Waddell had departed somewhat from their usual methods by adopting the line of card-sharper, plundering travelers on the steamers by the familiar methods of these deft-fingered gentlemen, or plying their trade of card-manipulation in various places on the continent where travelers indulge in games of chance. Some color to this theory is given by O'Brien's statement to one of the magistrates who examined him.

"What is your trade?" asked the magistrate. "I am a book-maker," said O'Brien. Then, confronted with the fact that no record could be found of his having acted as a book-maker on the Paris race-courses, nor any trace that he had accepted bets from the public, O'Brien changed his plea and declared that he was a gambler.

"But," persisted the magistrate, "gamblers do not always win."

O'Brien is said to have smiled at this in a superior way, and replied: "When I gamble I always win."

Within the past few weeks O'Brien has been transferred from the Conciergerie to Mazas prison, where he is now languishing; waiting, doubtless, for the return of "Mrs. Huntington," in whom his hopes may centre. It will be remembered that at the time of his escape from



DAVID A. DISHLER, THE UTICA POLITICIAN WHO HELPED O'BRIEN ESCAPE.

Utica, Governor Flower offered a reward of two thousand five hundred dollars for his capture, but that was contingent upon his delivery alive to the authorities of New York State. It is altogether probable that no one will ever receive this reward, for when Thomas O'Brien, once daring criminal and king of bunco steerers, makes his next appearance in New York it is likely to be in two sections, his head in one box and his body in the other, as the smoothly-working guillotine of Paris will leave them.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

OUR PLAYERS

Theatrical Forecast.

[See portraits of prospective stars of the season, on pages 200-201.]

THE brilliant constellation of feminine beauty visible on our double opening page means that the metropolitan theatres are open again, and that the dramatic season is propitiously under way. Of course the group of portraits given here includes only a small proportion of the talent and loveliness upon which fortunate New-Yorkers will be privileged to gaze, between now and next May. It is conceivable, also, that there may be a few disappointments, as upon a benefit programme. Still, our gallery is a thoroughly representative one; and, what is especially noteworthy, it is overwhelmingly American. In the list of nearly forty actresses there are only three who may be called foreign, in the sense of coming lately from abroad; these three are Ellen Terry, Sylvia Gerrish, and Cissy Fitzgerald. Here we may remark that Henry Irving's company, visiting us for a tour this season, includes Julia Arthur, a young American actress who has distinguished herself in London, and understudied some of Miss Terry's principal rôles. Among the "stars," fixed or rising, are Rose Coghlan, Kathryn Kidder, Julia Marlowe, Sadie Martinot, Mrs. Potter, Marie Wainwright, Marie Burroughs, Maud Harrison, Georgia Cayvan, and Blanche Walsh; and in comic opera, Lillian Russell, Camille D'Arville, Della Fox, Fanny Rice, Marie Jansen, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Dorothy Morton, Helen Bertram, Lulu Glaser, Adele Ritchie, and Lizzie MacNichol. In the category of stock leading ladies and sub-stars we have Virginia Harned, the favorite *Trilby*; Viola Allen and Effie Shannon, of the Empire; Caroline Miskel, of Hoyt's; Maxine Elliott, of Daly's; Maud Adams, of John Drew's company; Annie O'Neill, of William Crane's; Marie Shotwell and Bessie Tyree, of the Lyceum.

Within a fortnight nearly all the great metropolitan theatres have opened their doors, either for the regular or for a "preliminary" season; and the majority of them offer fresh material. Thus, in the one week of September 1st to 7th, no less than nine plays, all new to New York, and most of them hitherto untried anywhere, were presented here, as follows: "The City of Pleasure," at the Empire; "Le Collier de la Reine," at Daly's; "The Great Diamond Robbery," at the American; "The

Prisoner of Zenda," at the Lyceum; "The Princess Bonnie," at the Broadway; "Fleur-de-Lis" at Palmer's; "A Man with a Past," at the Garrick; "Lost—Twenty-four Hours" and "The Littlest Girl," at Hoyt's; "The Bathing Girl," at the Fifth Avenue. "The Sporting Duchess" was already under way at the Academy of Music; and Proctor's new Pleasure Palace, with a continuous vaudeville performance, opened auspiciously. The other theatres revive last season's favorites, such as "In Old Kentucky," at the Fourteenth Street; "The Merry World," at the Casino; "Thrilly," at the Harlem; "Rob Roy," at the Herald Square and "Charlie's Aunt" at the Standard. The original "Thrilly" continues its unbroken run at the Garden.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

The America's Cup Successfully Defended.

THIS year's series of races for the America's Cup came to a close on September 12th, and the result may be briefly and justly characterized as a miserable fiasco. Summed up succinctly by a contemporary, "The British cutter, the *Valkyrie III*, that came to this country as a challenger for the America's Cup, and the Yankee sloop, the *Defender*, chosen by the America's Cup Committee of the New York Yacht Club to defend the cup, have now met three times, and we have had as a result a *finish*, a *foul*, and a *fizzle*."

The finish race has already been told of in these columns. Concerning the second race, which was awarded to the *Defender* because of a foul committed by the *Valkyrie* on crossing the starting-line, this much may be said: the *Valkyrie* from the start battled with a cripple, and consequently won. The winning margin (forty-seven seconds), however, was so small that victory was more nominal than real.

If ever boat demonstrated her superiority that boat was the *Defender* in this race. On account of her accident—the carrying away of her starboard topmast shroud—she could not carry near the amount of sail her rival did during twenty miles, or two-thirds of the race, yet she actually sailed seventeen seconds faster than the *Valkyrie* on the second leg, and one minute, seventeen seconds faster on the reach home.

Had the *Valkyrie* been the equal of the *Defender* she could not have failed to win by a margin expressed in several minutes. Had the *Valkyrie* been the crippled one the *Defender* would have won, in the opinion of experts, by not less than ten minutes actual time, and probably more.

The fizzle race of September 12th will not soon be forgotten, particularly by the ten thousand odd enthusiasts who were present. The *Defender* crossed the starting-line first, and, with all sail set, started like a greyhound on the run of fifteen miles to the leeward or outer mark. The *Valkyrie* followed shortly afterward, but immediately came about and made for her anchorage off Bay Ridge.

To say that every one was disgusted at this action of Lord Dunraven would be expressing it mildly indeed. Yet the patriotism of the crowds could not be altogether dampened, and the *Defender* in consequence was followed in her lonely trip over the course and given a right royal reception at the finish.

And now that all is over, what remains to be said of the fiasco? In a word, the consensus of opinion places Dunraven in the most unenviable berth of unsportsmanlike action. He had come here under an agreement to sail the best three of five races for the cup. He had been here in 1893, and knew, consequently, all the conditions likely to be in evidence on racing days off Sandy Hook. He knew, therefore, that steamboats and tugs and other craft would be there in profusion—he must have known that, try as the cup committee might, there would be cases (few or many) of crowding and bothering the racing boats.

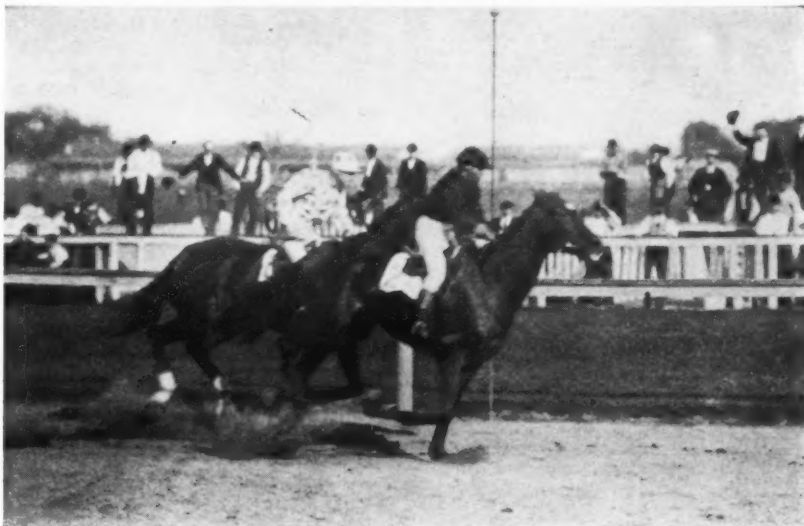
He knew all this, I repeat, yet *agreed* to sail. But why? Simply because he knew the crowding would be as fair for one as the other, and he further *felt certain* that he could win. But how different the state of his lordship's mind after the first and second races, when the *Defender's* superiority was so prominent that even the *Valkyrie* backers could not help admitting the corn! He felt certain that he could not win then, and that fact must have influenced his subsequent action or insult to Americans and the American standard of sport and fair play.

On Tuesday evening, after the second race, Dunraven addressed two communications to the cup committee, protesting against the interference of the excursion fleet. In substance he declared in both letters that he would not

sail another race under the conditions which prevailed in the first two races. Though the cup committee assured him by word of mouth that they would not start the race until a half-mile of sea-room was granted the boats where-in to jockey for the start, Dunraven wanted the

filling to the full of his cup of self-satisfaction, and the final proof of his superiority over the first English designer, George Watson, he who created the *Valkyrie III*.

Fate, however, willed it otherwise, and what the future has in store for Mr. Herreshoff in



THE RACE FOR CHAMPIONSHIP HONORS—HENRY OF NAVARRE WINS BY HALF A LENGTH, DOMINO SECOND.—Photograph by Hemment.

further assurance that following boats should keep miles from the course during the race, and if they did not, to call the race off for that day. This the committee could not grant.

Ex-Commodore James D. Smith, chairman of the America's Cup Committee, speaking on this latter point, after characterizing Dunraven's demands, by the way, as absurd, unbusinesslike, and utterly impossible to comply with, said: "Now, supposing the *Valkyrie* had been a mile and a half ahead and we declared the race off because some boat interfered with the *Defender*; what would people say? Why, the country would be too hot to hold us."

Lord Dunraven made a point of it that the committee did not answer his letter. How could they? They did not receive it until eight o'clock Thursday morning.

No one knew where to find Lord Dunraven. On Wednesday afternoon the cup committee held a special meeting to act on his request about keeping the course clear, and a sub-committee of two started out to find him. They first tried the Horseshoe, then the *City of Bridgeport*, Bay Ridge, Mr. Kersey's office, Mr. Kersey's apartments on Fifth Avenue, and then the Waldorf. When the committee finally found Lord Dunraven they explained to him verbally that they would do their best to have a clear course, but that they could not postpone the race at such short notice.

They also agreed not to start the boats until they had a clear field to manoeuvre in, which was all they could do under the circumstances. When they left him Wednesday night he said that he would start the *Valkyrie*. In his second letter, which was received on the morning of the race, he left it in doubt whether he would cover the course or not. It was then too late for the committee to do anything.

In New York Bay, where laws govern the movements of craft, this might have been done. On the high seas—impossible. Yet they assured Dunraven that all possible care and trouble would be taken to keep the excursion fleet in hand.

Had the cup committee consulted the wishes and whims of the Irish earl alone—or, in plain terms, told the American public to go to the devil—they would have called a postponement of the race, then arranged to have a meeting of the two in other waters at a time secret to all save the contestants. But the cup committee did not see their way clearly to thus ride ruthlessly over the feelings of thousands of sport-loving Americans who had paid their money and made arrangements at personal sacrifice to see the race as scheduled. The assurance, then, for which Dunraven called never came, and he, in consequence, refused to sail.

REGRET FOR HERRESHOFF.

We must all feel deep regret at this miserable ending of a series of contests for a trophy about which has clustered so much of honor, good sport, and friendly rivalry in the past; but no regret is so keen to many of us as that the *Defender*, the greatest, the fleetest, and best racing yacht ever built, should not have had the chance to show conclusively just what she could do.

The work of the world's greatest genius in yacht architecture, Nathaniel Herreshoff, seems to be thrown away. The *Defender* was his greatest achievement, and in her evolution he had spent the labor of a life-time. This year, of all others, he had felt that to win he must put his best foot forward. He did, and he anticipated

the way of figuring in international contests no mortal can foretell.

There may never be another race for the America's Cup, and the way may not be clear for years for an American boat to go abroad and try conclusions in English waters.

All in all, it seems a pity—a "crying shame," as some one has aptly put it; and to Dunraven we owe all.

Dunraven deserves the popular verdict of disapproval and condemnation. He has forfeited all rights to ever again challenge for the cup. Yet it does not seem fitting that we should call names. Concerning such an action as his, the least said is the soonest forgotten. Historians who shall later treat of the affair will doubtless accord him his just deserts.

So, leaving Dunraven a prey to his own conscience, we gladly turn to salute the *Defender*, the genius who designed her, and the able men who ran and sailed her. Not only do all Americans grant her the palm of superiority, but Mr. Glennie, the friend and adviser of Dunraven, who sailed on the *Valkyrie*, publicly expressed an opinion to this effect: "We might have won at least one race," said this good-natured Englishman, sadly, "had conditions over which no one had control been different."

From beginning to end the cup committee of the New York Yacht Club having charge of the conduct of the races acted wisely and in a spirit of fairness. At all times, even during the negotiations leading up to the agreement with Dunraven to contest for the cup this year, they showed a willingness to go more than half way in the matter of concessions; and in settling the protest entered by Mr. Iselin on account of the *Valkyrie's* foul in the second race they showed Dunraven every consideration.

After the fiasco of Thursday a number of offers were made to Dunraven and Mr. Iselin of money prizes and cups, to be sailed for at any time and place they might choose to select. These offers were politely declined by the latter and ignored by Dunraven.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS.

"There's lots to come out yet concerning these international races," said a well-known yachtsman to a party of intimates who sat discussing Dunraven's action. "And when this happens there will be fun a plenty. I refer in particular to the results which attended the re-measurement of the *Defender* and the *Valkyrie* after their first race, September 7th." Something was wrong there; but just wait and watch!

A railroad man of affairs in New York had this story to relate concerning the cost of the *Defender*, and the man should be a proof of the correctness of his observations: "The *Defender* cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, of which Mr. Vanderbilt contributed one hundred and forty thousand dollars, Mr. Iselin five thousand dollars, and Mr. Morgan five thousand

dollars. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, was not out of pocket—in fact, quite the reverse, for he speculated in railroad stocks, cleared the one hundred and forty thousand dollars, and then bet that amount in England that the *Defender* would win the cup.

W.T. Bull.

A Notable Turf Event.

No recent event on the American turf has attracted wider attention among sportsmen than the race at Sheephead, between August Belmont's Henry of Navarre, James R. and Foxhall Keene's Domino, and E. J. Baldwin's Rey el Santa Anita. The race was a mile and a furlong, and it was from start to finish a magnificent struggle. At first Domino had the best of it, and his victory seemed almost assured. But in the home stretch he failed to hold his own, and Henry of Navarre, gradually creeping up, won by nearly a half-length, with Rey el Santa Anita four lengths away.

Our picture shows the actual appearance of the horses at the finish, as presented by photography.

International Mr. Ritz.

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, August 30th, 1895.

"HALLO! you here, too?" exclaimed Dr. Depew, as we met on the lift in the elegant *Savoy Hotel* a few days ago. Dr. Depew had just finished a Lucullan repast, and in festive evening dress gallantly carried the wraps (all that was visible to the naked eye) of a beautiful lady—in fact, two of them—on their way to the mysterious upper flights. As he turned the corner I heard a Benedict exclaim: "What a stunner is Chauncey! He literally walks away with England's cream."

In another minute I sat opposite Europe's foremost hotelier, diplomat, and financier, Mr. Ritz. "Dr. Depew is one of our best customers; so are the Vanderbilts, Astors, Goulds, Rockefellers, and, in fact, every American of note drifts through this house, or our



C. RITZ.

Grand Hotel in Rome. The reason of our phenomenal success is simply that we anticipate the customer's most secret hobby, and make him feel at home, unhampered by foreign notions. Most of our personnel is Swiss, which may explain why we have more of your élite than our competitors combined."

Mr. Ritz is a natural diplomat, of handsome presence, with keen, penetrating eyes. He represents in all respects the polished courtier. For the past twenty years he has managed the leading hotels of Europe, and he was the first to teach the élite of Mayfair and the West End how to dine. An evening at the *Savoy* restaurant actually beats any reception at Buckingham Palace. Under the influence of Mr. Ritz's exotic plants—which arrive daily fresh from the Savoy gardens in the south of France—and soft, mellow lights, beautiful ladies give animation to the scene and, with their ponderous escorts, keep up an intermittent chatter, and between every exclamation manage to put away a lot of Escoffier's wonderful creations.

By the way, the latter has a history. Like most Frenchmen, Monsieur Escoffier is a stocky little man, with an intelligent head and fine manners, but very quiet and studious. Napoleon was compelled to go to Wilhelmshöhe, but Escoffier chose to accompany him voluntarily. He was the intimate of the imperial couple. His master mind made the menus for the aristocracy of St. Germain and Versailles, and he remained true to the Emperor until the latter's death. Monsieur Escoffier now guides the destinies of the culinary department at the *Savoy*, and if the pudding be proof of its quality it is attested by the fact that the best folks from all over Europe and America come here to dine. Of the *Grand Hotel in Rome* I shall speak in another chapter.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE



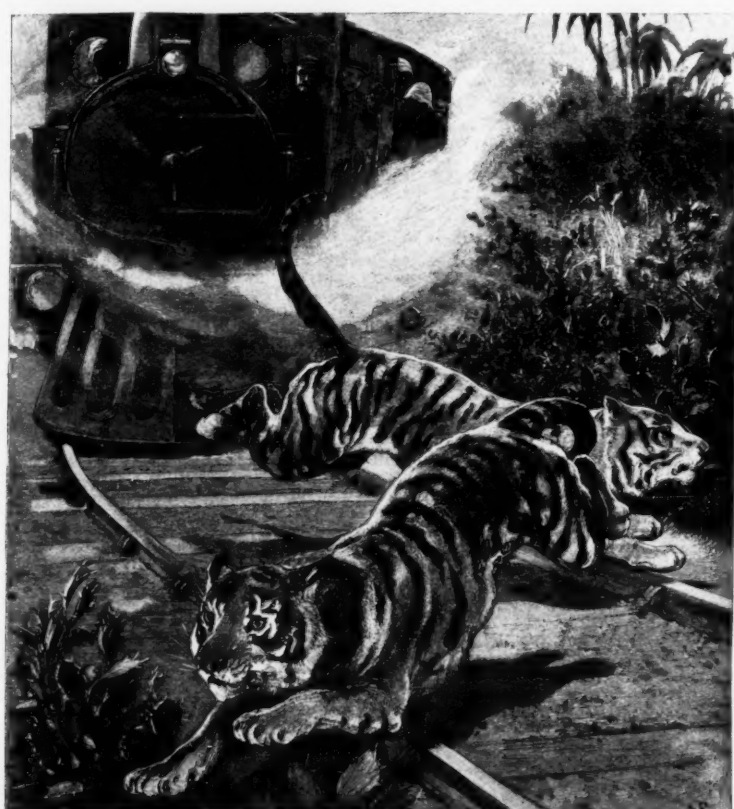
CHINESE TROOPS SPEEDING A STRANGER FROM THEIR CAMP AT THE CLOSE OF THE RECENT WAR.—*London Graphic.*



THE WHEEL IN ENGLAND—LORD SPENCER AS A CYCLIST.
Black and White.



OPEN-AIR MUSIC IN LONDON—LISTENING TO THE MILITARY BAND IN HYDE PARK.
London Graphic.



INCIDENT ON AN EAST INDIAN RAILWAY—TIGERS ON THE TRACK.—*London Graphic.*



FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.—*London Graphic.*



A 'BUS ON A MAIN LONDON THOROUGHFARE.—*London Graphic.*

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.



A FIFTH AVENUE BUS.—CHARACTERISTIC SCENE ON NEW YORK'S FAMOUS THOROUGHFARE.—FROM PHOTO-DRAWING EXPRESSLY MADE FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY"

Pillsbury and the Hastings Chess Congress.

I WAS not surprised at the result of the Hastings International Chess Congress. I had booked Pillsbury as a world-beater after witnessing his phenomenal blindfold performances and Morphy-like genius for recalling games and complicated positions. Question him at any time about some line of play which might have resulted from a certain combination, and you will be astonished at the depth and correctness of his analysis, given at once, without the aid of a chess-board.

Pillsbury's victory resembles, and in some respects even surpasses, Morphy's advent of forty years ago. The royal game has advanced dur-



HARRY N. PILLSBURY.

ing the last decade, and the modern player has a fund of literature and analysis to draw upon which practically obliterates Proctor's "faint line of demarcation which separates chess from the exact sciences." Morphy never had an opportunity to face such a galaxy of giants. He was a chivalrous knight-errant, roaming the world in search of foemen worthy of his steel. The Hastings chess congress was a gathering of national representatives, all of whom had battled for the world's championship or were known to have aspirations in that direction. It is safe to say that with the exception of "young Pillsbury from Brooklyn," every one of the twenty-two competitors was rated as a probable winner. To the chess world at large, however, the grand event was the bringing together of Lasker, Tarrash, Steinitz, and Tschigoein, whose relative powers had only been measured by the unsatisfactory test of cross-play. It was looked upon as a battle royal to the death between rival schools and theories as advocated at the great chess centres by pupils and followers of former masters, which combined with other circumstances to make "The Battle of Hastings" the most important contest in the annals of the royal game. Pillsbury's victory was so popular on account of his brilliant and original play that the only regret seemed to be that he won by the close margin of half a game, whereas he really should have made a better score.

Julius Caesar could not have dictated a more laconic dispatch than the characteristically modest cablegram which announced "First prize for America, the Brooklyn Chess Club, and myself.—Pillsbury." It heralded a national triumph beyond that of a contest between rival boat-builders, for American genius once more had won the laurels in an intellectual contest of the nations of the world, which practically had involved the training and preparation of a century.

Harry N. Pillsbury, of Brooklyn, who won the first prize in the recent international chess congress at Hastings, England, in a field of twenty-two representative champions, is in his twenty-third year. His chess career commenced three years ago, when he defeated Steinitz, who attempted to give him the odds of pawn and more. Since that time he has been successful in many tournaments and matches.

SAM LOYD.

People Talked About.

—ELEVEN years ago George Newnes was a young brass-finisher in a factory at Manchester, England. He possessed some literary ability and remarkable business tact. He conceived the idea of a small penny paper for the masses, to be called *Tid Bits*. He borrowed a hundred pounds from a friend and issued the first number of *Tid Bits*, a weekly paper. Its success in Manchester was so apparent from the first that Newnes removed to London. There *Tid Bits* became popular and prosperous in a few months. From a poor brass-finisher Newnes soon became the proprietor of an immense publishing-house. Two years ago he started the

Strand Magazine, which, like *Tid Bits*, was an instantaneous success. In eleven years George Newnes has made a remarkable record. To-day he is a millionaire and a member of Parliament.

—The success of C. T. Dazey as a playwright is evidenced by the fact that six companies are producing his plays and pouring money into his pockets this season. One of the secrets of his success is his industry. His "War of Wealth" was re-written fully twenty times before he considered it in the right shape for presentation, and his other plays are the result of infinite painstaking. He finds his wife an invaluable, if a remorseless, critic, and every scene is read and re-read to her for her judgment. Mr. Dazey is about thirty-five years old, and the son of a farmer in Lima, Illinois. He is a Harvard graduate, and was his class poet.

—An American lady traveling in Holland writes that Melchers, the Detroit artist who won the Paris Exposition prize in 1889 and has since enjoyed extraordinary vogue on the continent, is quite unspoiled by the honors heaped upon him. Though he has dined with the German Emperor, he still wears a peasant blouse and wooden shoes, on the plea that he is too poor for anything better. When he went to dine with the wife of the burgomaster of a Holland town he appeared in this costume, and soaked to the skin by a hard rain. He apologized, not for the clothes, but for the fact that they were wet, and maintained that it was the only suit he had. His hostess thereupon provided him with a dry suit of her husband's.

—"The Khan" is the signature appended by an erratic Canadian journalist to poems and sketches that have given him a wide reputation throughout the Dominion. He is a poet of the people as distinguished from the poets of the magazines, and before taking to journalism he was for many years engaged in farming. Many of his verses have the directness and simplicity that characterize the work of Riley, and at his best "The Khan" writes true poetry. Like every poet engaged in journalistic work, however, he writes too much, and the badness of his worst productions is something lamentable; but at his best he has a command of humor, pathos, and homely sentiment that entitles him to the high esteem in which his work is held by many.

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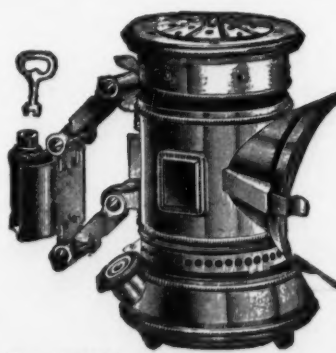
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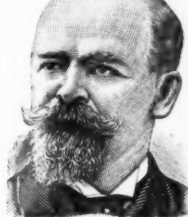
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\$500,000.00 Consolidated Stock for Repaving Streets and Avenues, payable November 1st, 1920.

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ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller, City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, September 13th, 1895.

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"They're hot and they're gittin' hotter, and they're goin' to be bilin'!"
"It's all on account of the money power, I suppose."
"Yes, siree; and we ain't goin' to stand no foolishness no longer."
"You're going to make the money-men come down?"
"We're goin' to do what?"
"Make them come down."
"Not by a jugfull. They've got to go up. No two-dollar limit carries this deestrick this year."—Judge.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"SAY, pop, what does the letters D. C. mean, dat dey always puts after Washington?"
"Dey means daddy of his country, yo' fool chile, yo'. Why doan' yo' read yo' hist'ry?"—Judge.

OH!

IRATE PA—"Did you tell that young man of yours that I'm going to have the gas turned off at ten?"

TRIX—"Yes."

IRATE PA—"Well?"

TRIX—"He's coming at a quarter past in future."—Judge.

MAJOR HANDY tells of a man to whom, apprehensive of a request for a loan, he pleaded poverty, and the man drew out a wad of money and offered to loan him a hundred dollars. This is a credulous world, but Major Handy foolishly goes too far.—Judge.

A JUDGE of Little Rock, Arkansas, says a woman has a constitutional and God-given right to wear bloomers. There is nothing in the constitution or the Scriptures to prove this, and in fact in the beginning she had the privilege of wearing nothing at all; but it is a common-sense view, and as soon as the woman has the ballot-box she will wear what she pleases as long as she can get somebody else to pay for it.—Judge.

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I recently gave your malt extract to...

A Child.....

on which I had tried almost everything without any benefit. The child was very anæmic, and was

Run Down

to almost a skeleton, but after taking

..Pabst.....

Malt Extract

The "Best" Tonic

for a week it began to improve rapidly, and is today as round and plump as any child can be. I then tried it on

A Lady.....

who had had typhoid fever, and whose

Convalescence

was very slow. She could gain no

Strength

until she took The "Best" Tonic, when the result was

Really Marvelous

DR. P. O. WARNER,
Sand Beach, Mich.

HE KNEW HIM.

"CHARLIE is a very foolish fellow; he's all ways borrowing trouble."

"Yes, and I'll bet he never pays it back. That's just like Charlie."—Judge.

FORCE OF HABIT.

"SAY, old man, what makes you pick up pins every time you see them in the street? Are you superstitious?"

"Not at all. When I was a boy I worked in a bowling-alley."—Judge.

NOT EXAGGERATED.

CUSTOMER (after walking back along the track for twenty minutes)—"How did you have the conscience to tell me that the place was only three minutes from the station?"

Real-estate Dealer—"Some trains go over the distance in less than two."—Judge.

MR. CLEVELAND is right in the declaration that marriage is a grand, sweet song; but with three babies in the house there are some remarkable variations.—Judge.



ON HIS (HEART) BEAT.

ROUNDSMAN O'CONNELL (who has his suspicions)—"Did yez see anythin' av Officer O'Moole this avenin', Miss Katy?"
MISS WHELAN—"I did; an' yez'd better go 'round t' th' station-house. He's jist afther takin' somebody in."



"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."
That's the old way of making soup.
Put your meat and soup bones in the
"cauldron" and fuss over it for hours.

Armour's Extract of BEEF

saves you all that "toil and trouble." Add water to the Extract and you have, instantly, a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef Soup. No trouble or mystery about it. Anyone can do it.

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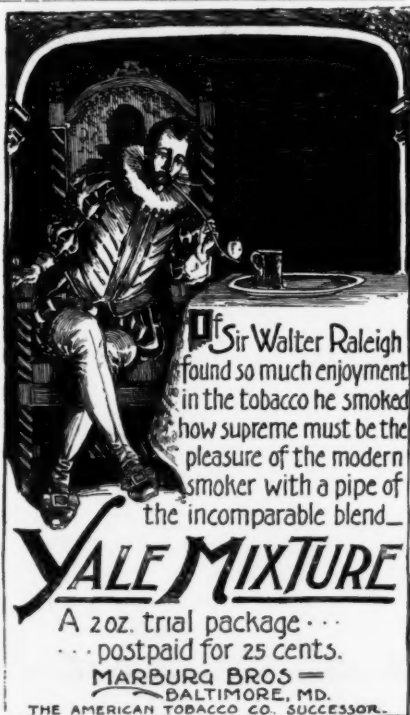
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GENTLEMEN:—We enclose
a letter received a few days
ago, from Miss Lillian Rus-
sell, which we think, may be
of service to you.

Yours truly,
(SIGNED) REDFERN.

**What LILLIAN RUSSELL Thinks of
Fibre Chamois.**

218 WEST 77th ST.,
NEW YORK, August 14, 1895.

Messrs. Redfern,
210 Fifth Avenue.

GENTLEMEN:—Kindly make up for me the gown I se-
lected yesterday, using as you suggested the Fibre
Chamois in the waist for warmth, and in the skirt and
sleeves to give them that very stylish and bouffant ef-
fect. I find that the moreen petticoat does not give half
the style that the genuine Fibre Chamois does. So
naturally use nothing but the genuine goods. The imi-
tation of this particular article I have found to be worse
than useless.

Truly yours,
(SIGNED) LILLIAN RUSSELL.

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use of being
clean!
They, who
use Pears'
soap, know.

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